

# THE SATURDAY BULLETIN.

Combining, with the News of the Week, a rich Variety of Fashion, Humor, and the interesting Incidents of Real Life.

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## THE TOWN TATTLER. NO. 50.

Who can view the evils attending on the infatuated frequency of a public dance house, without being touched with a desire to save them from a melancholy and untimely fall? There may be many endowed with such humanity, but what avails their care and exertions, when in every attempt to match the frolics from ruin, they are repulsed by a headlong desire of excitement and dissipation, which must eventually prove fatal. The ears of the deluded become deaf to remonstrance, and their hearts are blunted by vice that they are utter strangers to shame. We may pity—but not without a mixture of contempt—the frailties and vices of this lost part of mankind; but these evils are not confined to men alone—they assail and destroy even the fairest work of God.

Having resided some three years within a short distance of one of those places which I have just designated, by common observation I soon discovered their plans to entrap the artless and the young. I found them not too well disciplined in their machinations. Being a close observer of their proceedings, I shall be able, without having recourse to imagination, to give some interesting facts, which have come under my immediate notice. The house above mentioned stands in the northern part of Philadelphia, and is too well known to need description. It may easily be detected by circumstances closely connected with it, and familiar to many in its near neighborhood. It has now existed upwards of twenty years, under the auspices of one who has long been the shame of her sex. Her train was composed of a band of votaries of both sexes, ever willing to obey the commands of their desperate leader. Amongst them, she had a staunch ally, well known by his complicity in crimes, but better known by the police. Indeed, he had become so well acquainted with the latter gentleman, that he discovered the necessity of leaving the city, and hastening to some strange land, where he might again commit, unfettered, his depredations upon the unwary. He did not long remain idle, but soon selected a victim in the person of an artless country girl, whom he married, and with whose parents he resided for some time. But he could no more resign himself to the company of honest people. After much persuasion, his wife consented to leave the happy man of her parents, and take up her residence in Philadelphia. Soon after her arrival, she had the miserable satisfaction of knowing the place of her future abode—that infamous rendezvous of vice. His aunt performed the part of guardian and tutor, instructing her in the many stratagems and wiles that are required to become a seducer of the green, as they generally termed them; to which she did not long remain a stranger, for in the short space of three months she displayed a terrible proficiency in the numerous vices of the town. The duty was indispensable with those who studied the interest of the band, to delude and add to the sorrowful train, whatever wretchedness the misfortune to come within their reach, and she was determined not to be found wanting in that respect. She kept a particular career in her mind's eye, from the commencement of her career, and her time was principally devoted to devising some means to entrap, and at a stroke to blast the rising virtue of her victim. Her own sister was selected as the first to feel the power of her art. She was about sixteen, the pride and staff of her aged parents. Mary, not wishing to cause her parents pain, (for whom a morsel of pity was yet remaining) by the knowledge of her being the instrument of her sister's downfall, resolved to take no active part in the affair, and she likewise kept her associates entire strangers to her intentions, with the exception of the tool whom she had employed for the task. He received directions of the course he was to pursue, with the promise in case of success, of enjoying the sole guidance and custody of the victim. He accordingly repaired to the dwelling of her parents, in a remote country village, in the character of a travelling gentleman, while Mary, by her most skillful occupation, provided means to defray his expenses, and to support that character which he but too well personated. She also gave him letters of recommendation to her father, who still continued ignorant of the course his daughter pursued.

With the most sanguine expectations the villain departed for the scene of action, protected by an assumed countenance of honesty, and an insinuating tongue. By the letters of recommendation he found an easy and welcome admittance to the presence of the unthinking parents, and his gentle address soon gave him access to the heart of Amanda—for he had not occupied a station long enough in the deluding train, to effect his naturally gentle manners, on the power of which he mainly depended. In an unguarded moment on the part of Amanda, he conquered the spotless heart of the object whose ruin he had so deeply contemplated.

But he soon found it was essential to act contrary to the instructions given him by his employer, and not to make her parents' house the place of his abode, the better to gloss over the account which he had given them of the business which called him to that section of the country. He accordingly took boarding at a hotel near at hand, knowing that absence would but increase Amanda's desire for repeated interviews. Alas! it had the desired effect. He acted in no respect clandestinely, his visits receiving the approbation of her parents, who often unconsciously expressed a desire to see them more intimate. This did not escape him. He saw with joy his plot so triumphantly approach its consummation, and could not doubt that it would be crowned with complete success. Finding every thing ripe for execution, and anxious to bring the affair to a conclusion, he proposed matrimony to Amanda, assuring her that on her decision depended his future happiness, with all such professions as are in familiar use on such occasions. The poor girl consented in silence, for her heart already swam in the soft streams of pleasure which her fancy pictured to her mind. She could not estimate in words the happiness she felt in the prospect of becoming the wife of one she so dearly loved, and it was impossible for her to express her assent but by the repeated burst of gratitude from her unsuspecting heart. All was at the disposal of her worthless lover.

Having received the assent of her parents previously, his design was now nearly accomplished; but one more step was to be taken to terminate his labors. The obstacle which now remained was, to get the consent of the three for their nuptials to be celebrated at Philadelphia, and on the result of this question yet hung the crown of success. The discreet parents showed some reluctance in complying with this last request; but the objection was overruled by the profuse address of one so well fitted to deceive. He urged, and supported his argument on the ground that neither of them would be entire strangers in Philadelphia, and that the sister now in the city should be immediately apprised of existing circumstances, that she might be prepared to receive them on their arrival. This gained the consent of the parents, and this innocent creature was led by a demon into the regions of vice and infamy. On their arrival, Amanda was welcomed by her sister, and the remaining part of the

game was now left for her to play. She informed her sister, that she became a wife, she should first enjoy the pleasures of a single life in Philadelphia; such, said she, as attending balls, parties, and sharing social and select company, such as it would not be in her power to see after her marriage. Very soon Amanda had the pleasure of sharing the select company so much talked of. The keen-eyed debauchee soon had the measurement—a cant phrase still prevalent—of their new companion. They had previously an understanding with their accomplice, to limit their proceedings, and accordingly their conversation was kept within the bounds of moderation. During this evening Amanda displayed the warmest attachment towards her lover, at the same time mingling freely with the rest of the company, and enjoying the scene with the greatest satisfaction.

The next evening was the common dance night, termed by its frequenters, the *Fancy Ball*, in which Amanda was not permitted to remain a silent spectator, although at first she was struck with fear and amazement at the proceedings of a city ball, for which she innocently mistook this nightly dance. But her fear and bashfulness gradually departed as the evening wore on, and at every reel she became more and more familiar, until her behavior was not to be distinguished from that of the crowd with which she mixed. Their many frailties appeared to be engrained on the once pure breast of Amanda. So decisive a victory has rarely been so suddenly gained over a deluded girl. She rose next morning, but not the same emblem of beauty—her manners, and the peculiar graces of innocence, had undergone a fatal change. She was pale and haggard from the excesses of the preceding night. But the painful scenes she had gone through failed in producing the salutary effect of disgusting her with such amusements. Dance after dance followed with such success. Amanda was never without suitors—suplications—temptations—and finally, she had reason to be weary of her new life, while yet it was scarcely begun.

There was no more talk of marriage now. Her seducer had forgot his vows, and Amanda cared little for reminding him of them. She knew well it was impossible to retrieve her lost honor—she knew that she would be discarded by her parents when they came to hear of her unnatural course of life—she could not wish to obey her betters. She considered her proceedings unlimited—no bounds for actions, and no compulsion to retract or prevent. Let what will befall, mentally said she, still I cannot consider myself guilty of any intentional impropriety—the guilt of my destroyer must certainly atone the blow from my innocent head. By such vain arguments, though perhaps satisfactory to her own discomfited mind, she held herself at liberty to dispose of a burdensome life in a manner most pleasing to herself. Her passions grew more ungovernable, and nothing but the company of the most miserable satisfied the fast declining hours of Amanda. A year had scarcely passed to blush on the shame of the village beauty, when she became a useless member of her sister's family. She saw with unspeakable horror the first approach of the hour when she should become a mother, with none to perform the kind offices of a husband and a father. Those who took an active part in her downfall, now dreaded the danger that awaited the birth of her child. Her sister's house was no longer a home for her, and even those that would befriend her, could boast of no greater ability than herself.

Faint and weary, she dragged her slow steps once more to the fatal door of her wretched parents; but she was shut against her. She and her sister had long trifled with the dearest feelings of their affectionate hearts, and many tears had fallen on the lost virtues of their children. The forsaken mother had wept her soul away, and fallen a victim to grief, unnoticed by her daughters. The hapless wanderer became the mother of a child, and more painful to record, it drew its first breath upon the cold ground. God was the only witness of the agony which she endured, while the unrelenting wind whistled keenly in the tree tops overhead. In the morning she was found in this awful situation, when some humane neighbors, who pitied while they recognized her, procured an order from the guardians of the poor, and these two sorrowful objects were placed in a public Alms House, from whose fostering walls death soon released the child of its miseries. But I cannot conclude this notice in accordance with my wishes. My information permits me only to say, that in a few months she was discharged, and instantly departed for her father's house; I can say nothing of her reception into that once loved bosom; but her history stands up a melancholy beacon to simple innocence of all classes, and a strong exemplification of the horrors of a dance house.

## THE GATHERING OF THE UNIONS.

"Lo! we answer thee, we come!  
Quick at Freedom's holy call,  
We come, we come, we come!  
To do the glorious work of all,  
And hark! we raise, from sea to sea,  
The sacred watchword Liberty.  
God is our guide! from field, from wave,  
From plough, from anvil, and from loom,  
We come our country's weal to save,  
And speak a tyrant faction's doom.  
And hark! we raise from sea to sea,  
The sacred watchword Liberty!  
God is our guide! no words we draw,  
We kindle not war's battle fires!  
By union, justice, reason, law,  
We claim the birthright of our sires,  
We raise the watchword Liberty,  
We will, we will, we will be free."

## THE SPORTSMAN.

Ma. Editor.—In your last paper you gave an animated description of pond Salmon Trout fishing, which so roused my piscatorial reminiscences, as to induce, almost to compel me, to note down some on river trout fishing, and offer them to you for publication, or otherwise, as you may determine. I cannot reach the lively style of the correspondent of the *Sporting Magazine*, but shall give them in that of one who (no case of boasting) can wield a fishing rod with more dexterity than his pen.

My predilections are altogether for artificial fly fishing, considering it at once the latest, most ingenious and interesting kind of amusement, *de hoc genus*, and requiring peculiar tact, which cannot learn, even from experience. Accompany me, then, if you please, to a fine gurgling, sparkling river, when I speak of a river, think not I mean your muddy mammoth torbates, but a beautiful stream, whose waters are generally as clear as crystal, whose banks are all in a state of fine cultivation, and itself, of such depth as can be passed from side to side, as sun, wind, stream, and pools may require.

Let us now undo our walking-stick, screw the joints asunder into each other, and there is a fishing rod from 16 to 18 feet in length, in all its tapering symmetry, of the top extremity of which is a piece of whalebone, of ten inches in length, the end of which is not thicker than a stout knitting needle. The wheel is fixed, the line passed through the rings, the line, dressed on a single horse hair, all in order, and all drawn through the water to motion and give them pliability.

According to the season, and the day, the color of the flies must be chosen—the red and black *Assie*, the winged silver fly, &c., &c., and now comes the first throw into the pool—the water is too tall and clear; there is no ripple on the surface; light as the fly and the hair line, still a little wave (the most distinctive idea to be conceived of a ripple) is observable as they fall on the water—this will not do. Off then to the current—again gently descends the line—hook, dash, dance the two or three artificial along the surface—briskly springs up to the middle, and making a great dash and splutter (alas! how emblematic of the young human fly) ends by being deposited in the basket.

The sport is now begun—repeatedly and regularly descends the alluring deceiver, almost as often as the prey brought dancing along the surface of the water, until it gives unresisting in your grasp. At length, quietly disappears the fly—the line tightens—and now the experienced angler knows he has something worth contending for. On a sudden away sweeps the line with inconceivable velocity—woe to you, success, if the wheel, rings, and every other part, are not in complete order—the least flurry or imprudence will be fatal. The lengthened line at last becomes fatiguing—the fish wheels about—now wind up your line as fast as possible, either it not to slacken for an instant, or again all may be gone.

From five to ten minutes may now have elapsed since the noble fellow was hooked, and he is now making a desperate struggle to escape. At last, he begins to lag, and moves gently about, as if he were resigning himself to his fate. To the contrary, this is often a deceitful calm—for with a sudden bound he will again start with a desperate determination apparently of clearing every obstacle to his freedom. But the experienced hand improves the opportunity, before he recovers himself, by coaxing his head up the stream, when, with a slight jerk downwards, he gives him the coup de grace, by what some will think unlikely, *clothing or drowning him*.

He is now at your mercy, if managed carefully, but a dangerous period still remains, when you draw his head above the water, expecting to land him. He then concentrates all his remaining strength, and makes a bold stroke for escape, and a sudden twist even now will quickly snap the line. Often have I observed the disappointed expectant look blank enough at seeing his prey, as he supposed prostrate and his own, suddenly wheel round, disengage himself, glide slowly a few feet into the river, and there lay exhausted yet unapproachable, for the last stirring of the water would again put him in motion. Draw him therefore into shallow water close to the edge, approach him in a creeping position, and with a handful of grass seize him behind the head, or with a forked stick steadily jerk him ashore. A net is too inconvenient to carry.

I was once put in a fever of anxiety by a fine trout of between two and three pounds, breaking the line when he was brought within a foot of land. The margin of the river at that place was lined with willow bushes, and the trout, as he was about to land, was seized by a single silver birch leaf, which had performed its part most faithfully; but the resistance from the willow was too great—snap it went. However, the poor fellow was too much exhausted to disengage himself from the entanglement, until a handful of grass enabled me to secure him.

Many anecdotes could I relate, Mr. Editor, but shall wait to know your opinion of this—and whether the Cholera and the Bank bill—the Tariff and the Nullifiers are not too great absorbents for the public mind to listen to the desultory trifles of A FLY FISHING.

## SELECT TALES.

### FORTUNE HUNTING.

From Ivan Vojvich, or Life in Russia.  
At this time one of my friends, a ruined nobleman, married the niece of a rich man. This event excited in my mind a thought to try my fortune by marrying. But where was the rub? With all my self-esteem I could not dare to look for a partner in any of those families into which birth and connections are the current measures of value for a bridegroom. Riches were very rare, and a wealthy widow, a little advanced in years, in the second place, had husbands principally from calculations of ambition. New nobility seeks alliances with ancient families, and vice versa. I put the whole, I thought it most advisable to make my mark on the mercantile line, but having no acquaintances in that calling, I did not know how to set about it. One day, returning home, contrary to my usual practice, at six o'clock in the evening, I met at the door of my house a very rich man in a jacket, with a silk hankerchief over his head. "Whom do you want, Goody?" "Your man Petroff, my good master—I am his groom." "And what art thou?" asked I, from curiosity. "A midwife, my son, and if need be, a matchmaker." "Very well," said I, "go to Petroff, and after that I want to speak a word with thee."

In half an hour I ordered the old woman to come into my cabinet. "What sort of people dost thou bring together?" "Whomsoever please, sir; merchants, officers, and also gentry." "Dost thou know any rich man?" "I do, sir, I do, sir. I have plenty of wares had we only purchasers." "The poor pudding's in the eating of it," but there is no harm in asking; if thou findest me a rich kopeckholder, I will fill thy lap with gold, my old woman. At your service, my rich master, I have in my hands just now a brace of *kopeckholders*, and how pretty, how dashing, how learned they are! They speak in all the German lingo, dance all manner of outlandish jigs, and play all manner of dances, very good—but what portion have they?" asked I of the little old woman. "A hundred thousand a piece, ready money; and fifty thousand in effects, silver, gold, pearls, colored stones, and all sorts of finery." "Incomparable! How dost thou do this?" asked I, in the first place, of their honorable parents. "In our father, Pamphel Merkolovitch, Moscow, was born in our part of the country, and is enrolled among the burghers of Moscow. The mother, Matrena Evdokimovna, an excellent housewife, God bless her, has eight children, three boys, and five girls. What are the daughters named?" "The oldest Aquilina Pamphelovna; the second Vaselina; the third is Aquilina Pamphelovna; Vaselina is a little inferior; and the third is a thin creature, but she is only a girl yet." "How art thou to break the heart of my friend? I did not expect to meet the muse, whopher in Matrena Evdokimovna's ear, have in my hands just now a brace of *kopeckholders*, and how pretty, how dashing, how learned they are! They speak in all the German lingo, dance all manner of outlandish jigs, and play all manner of dances, very good—but what portion have they?" asked I of the little old woman. 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